

Torrance Herald

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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This Week's Motto:

Some people are diplomatic, while others are truthful.

Who Should Know?

Following the Korean war, the nation was shocked by revelations that many of our soldiers were successfully brain-washed by the Chinese Reds because they had very little understanding of basic American philosophies, and none of communism. In their ignorance, they were ripe for persuasion, whatever the means.

As a result, there was a groundswell of support for a program of education in the philosophy, strategy, tactics and menace of communism. The military was especially active in this program, although it also extended at least tentatively into the schools of the nation, including California's.

Then something happened. A general was shelved because he applied the program to his men. His fellow officers were gagged by a defense department directive last July, approved by President Kennedy.

According to Washington sources, this switch in policy followed an astounding memorandum sent to the secretary of defense by Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the foreign relations committee.

In the Fulbright lexicon of youth, there evidently is no such word as communism. Any effort to inform the American people of it, he said, was nothing more than "right wing radicalism."

Now something else again has happened. The Senate, in voting an appropriation for the Kennedy peace corps, unanimously approved an amendment that volunteers must be indoctrinated in the menace and methods of communism.

Since Fulbright is a Senator, and the vote was unanimous, does this mean he thinks that only the enlightened youth corps can handle knowledge of communism; that the rest of us are better off in blissful ignorance? Or, as some have suggested, does it merely mean that J. William is full of ideas that aren't very bright?

Opinions of Others

"A city night club waiter was arrested for speeding. That just doesn't sound possible." — *Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Graphic.*

"It is easier to build sound boys and girls than to repair adults." — *Ray Wims, West Springfield (Mass.) Record.*

"There is only one thing wrong with the younger generation. A lot of us don't belong to it any more." — *S. E. Mekeel, Ovid (N.Y.) Gazette and Independent.*

"You don't have to have a remarkable memory to recall when you wished for the income you can't live by now." — *Alvin E. Ericson, Bonduel (Wisc.) Times.*

"The hardest thing a youngster faces nowadays is learning good manners without seeing any." — *Frieda J. Monger, Duluth (Minn.) Publicity.*

"It's pretty hard to convince the kids that the shortage of teachers is a calamity." — *B. J. Dahl, Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.*

"Despite inflation, a penny for most people's thoughts still a fair price." — *Deal C. Trippler, Canova (S.D.) Herald.*

"The real music lover is the woman who applauds when her husband comes home singing at 3 o'clock in the morning." — *Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Putnam County Graphic.*

"Russians should play more of their own roulette." — *Lloyd Neff, Overland Park (Kans.) Johnson County Herald.*

"If you think you have influence, try ordering someone else's dog around." — *E. M. Rensburg, Vista (Calif.) Press.*

Cheated!



REG-MANNING

IF HE HADN'T WARNED THEM I COULD HAVE KILLED THOUSANDS!

CARLA

MODERN WEATHER MAN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Smile on Mother's Face; Junior's Back in School

By JOHN E. MEYERS
Chicago Heights Star

There is an ethereal brightness in the September sky; it is the reflection of a mother's smile. More than a smile, it is a happy grin—her teen-ager is back in school. The eternity of the summer vacation has passed and the lady of the house is a lady again, no longer a screaming, wild-eyed shrew.

Gone are the sounds of summer—the banging of the refrigerator door, the banging of the front door, the banging of the back door, the banging, banging, banging. Noise announced his whereabouts until the infrequent quiet became cause for alarm—What is he doing now?

Silent is the hi-fi, which from June until September brayed, cackled and shouted the unlovely, unmelodious, nerve-shattering sound of rock 'n' roll, its volume indicator all the way to the right, its station selector permanently set to catch the idiocies emanating from Hollywood.

It is 10 o'clock in the morning and no sleepy-eyed teenage apparition stumbles out of the bedroom to gobble a late breakfast, spoil his lunch and make debris again of what until June had been an orderly daily schedule of a normal household. He is back in school and the morning paper reposes neatly on the coffee table. A week ago the Sun-Times became unmerged at the touch of his hand.

Late for lunch, like 2 p.m., he might spend the balance of the afternoon half in, half out of the refrigerator. Here he concocts a cool drink (what energy did he expend to grow thirsty?) from an envelope of flavor and 50 pounds of ice cubes. There he constructs a sandwich, thrusts a wet hand into the chocolate cookies, pries open a box of cereal. He dominates the kitchen; it is easier to cross from East to West Berlin than to enter there.

Then he is gone, but his memory lingers in the tepid remains, to be measured in gallons of a pitcher of Kool-Aid. Bread crumbs, bread crusts, bread wrappers and an amount of soiled dinnerware suggest that a crowd has feasted here. Order is restored, the evening meal is prepared and served, and he is nowhere to be found.

Late evening he re-enacts the crime, in spades. Again the kitchen is turned into a cesspool, but this time the goodies are carried into the living room, where the television set becomes the centerpiece and re-runs are watched with the added en-

joyment of always knowing, and invariably announcing, what is going to happen next in the ill-conceived drama. Worse, he brought a friend to help him watch and eat.

Look back with longing on the day when, turned loose to toddle about the fenced yard, there was the nagging worry that he might put something in his mouth, like a lump of dirt or a grasshopper. Turn back on the lotus year when he didn't think he was too small to ride his bike in the street. Shed a tear for the active years of small boy baseball leagues and the front yard practice drills that mowed the rose bushes.

Half man now, he spurns play; half boy, he longs for play and is restless even when sprawled over an easy chair. Clomp, clomp, he paces the house and even in gym shoes the pacing is painfully audible. The pacing stops and a moment of panic—Whatever is he doing in there?

One knew better, but hoping otherwise, when the inevitable calendar loosed its pages and became June and vacation begun. There was a game of softball, a swimming party, the happy joining of old chums outside the somber walls of school. There was laughter, always something to do—for two weeks and the summer became a bore, time dragged and he was under-

foot, he was noise and he was absent at meal-time.

Think up a project and there is only to look out the window at the shaggy, unmowed lawn to recognize the failure of that one. Even with a self-propelled power mower in the garage, the grass grew in abundance and it bothered him not. Painting the trim was his own idea and it was any-port-in-a-storm, so the plan was approved. The damage is now repaired, save for the polka-dot speckles of paint which adorn the picture window. There was an offering of thanks when he discovered, quickly, that painting was much less fun than it looked.

Read, you said, and he read—half a book, which reposed neglected and the library-fine mounted until someone else returned it and paid the charges. Go for a walk, call up Bill a tone of voice pitched into hysteria—"Get out of the house for awhile!"

Now all is serene, a home has become a house again. In the nick of time, school is resumed and sanity returned, order has been restored. Neat as a pin, this domicile which had been ravaged and lay in waste through the summer's heat. A mother sits in the blessed quiet and contemplates the future. A gleam in her eye now accompanies her happy grin—next year he'll be old enough to get a job.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Legionnaires Take Good Look at Welfare State

DENVER — What the welfare state is doing to us was the theme of our address to the 43rd national convention of the American Legion and auxiliary here this week.

One of the worst things big government is doing to us... is the slow gnawing process of dehumanization. It is reducing human instincts and aspirations in our people. Human beings and individual initiative are counting for less and less.

A reporter criss-crossing the country can feel it almost everywhere in the attitudes of people. Most of them are looking to government... and leaving it to government... as the big protective father. Adults are becoming more like children. Personal initiative is confined to details, not achievements.

It is exactly what we saw in Germany at the rise of Hitler, and in Italy in the hey-day of Mussolini. The individual citizen here now, seems to personify the feeling that he can't cope with anything by himself.

If this attitude continues to spread, like a malignant cancer, it will engulf individual spirit and with it the last freedom.

This is not communism's fault... and it will not be Khrushchev who is doing it to us. The disgraceful thing is that we are doing it to ourselves, by reliance on the welfare-state and by reliance on a false set of values.

The end of our freedom will come in stages... not in one revolutionary swoop. And it will not in all likelihood be caused by communism. Communism is not winning here... we are losing our freedom by default. We are losing

it through big government... whose operators honestly, ignorantly or by connivance are leading us to our own destruction.

We are losing it because we have broken down the inherited art of personal initiative. We did this first of all by ourselves and then relegated it to big government of our own creation. For the officials we elect are of the same stock as ourselves. We get the big government we want... and apparently this is what too many of us seem to want.

The reason more and more people are turning to government for more and more things they used to do themselves is because of rot in our fiber.

Distortion in our pleasures, softness in work, laziness of spirit, decay of intellectual goals. Somewhere along the way we rid ourselves of the pioneer.

When the individual feels helpless to do anything about big government, he is already on the detour from freedom to slavery. The nation was founded on the principle that the individual was capable of making his own responsible decisions.

This makes for economic independence. This independent, self-thinking human machine has been the backbone of our American heritage. He is fast going out of style in these days of the welfare-state and big government.

Individual faith was a strong cohesive element to see us through emergencies. Now we look to the big-father in Washington. Dependence on a paternalist government has a tendency to make less important dependence on one's faith.

This means a breakdown of moral codes. Indifference to moral responsibility is a natural reaction of government paternalism. It's like the chronic unwed mother who is encouraged by government guarantees that her condition will be "taken care of."

Big government is but an image of the society which fosters it... and elects it. This has been our lot for about 30 years. Both Democrats and Republicans have been encouraging it... although not in the same degree.

Both have been corrupting personal initiative. Both have been promising us more and more with each political campaign and the tide remains unchanged.

The church... all religions... are being subjected to a challenge from both communist-atheism and from their own so-called spiritual society. The communist challenge is easy to fight... the challenge from within is not.

For some of the same people who have supported the church are decaying from within. It is not the church which is a fault, even though denominational differences often confuse the layman.

What does it really matter if the churches really disagree on theology... so long as 99 per cent are in agreement with the moral rules... and on right or wrong.

Big government is legally destroying us with tools of our own making. This is the real problem to our survival as a free people. What communism is doing to us is child's play when compared to what we are doing to ourselves.

Out of the Past

From the Files of the HERALD

30 Years Ago

Back in September 1931 the city's registered voting strength for the impending Metropolitan Water District special bond issue was set at 3204 by Robert Dominguez then city clerk of Los Angeles. City schools had reopened for the fall term with a total of 1854 daily attendance.

On Monday, Sept. 21, the Torrance Kiwanis club was to hold its regular weekly meeting at the Firestone Tire and Rubber plant on Truck Blvd. and then, under the guidance of Firestone officials, tour the great industrial site. A cordial invitation was issued to all interested men and the Torrance community to join the tour.

An audience which taxed the capacity of the council chamber attended the protest hearing on the opening and widening of Sepulveda Blvd. and a portion of Hawthorne at Tuesday night's council meeting. Twenty-one present verbally objected to securing the right of way for the great highway that eventually would link the Torrance area

with the San Fernando Valley and the inland route north to Bakersfield.

Disclaiming any right to have teachers employed in the Torrance schools reside in Torrance during their terms here, the Los Angeles Board of Education replied to the Torrance Chamber of Commerce during the week that the resolution adopted by the chamber could not be worked out.

Indicating an intention to run a passenger line between San Pedro and Los Angeles through Torrance, the Santa Fe Railway applied for permission to operate such a line before the Harbor Board.

20 Years Ago

It was just 25 years ago that a woman's hand touched off a huge furnace here and thus started an industry whose present four smoke stacks are Torrance landmarks.

The \$500,000 plant of the Llewellyn Iron Works, which later became the Columbia Steel Co., a USS subsidiary was placed in operation Sept. 13, 1916 by Mrs. Hannah D.

Llewellyn, then 85.

Details of the various classes of exhibits for the Torrance Flower, Art, and Hobby Show to be held in the Civic auditorium Sept. 25 through Sept. 27th under direction of the Torrance Rotary Club's Community Service Committee, were revealed by Fay Parks, general chairman.

The worst fire in Waleria history gutted the frame building of the Waleria Full Gospel Church and cracked toward an adjacent olive grove before being stopped late Thursday afternoon. More than 200 of the community's 600 population watched the flames and scores more were attracted by the smoke. The congregation began meeting in the Waleria Recreation Center. The loss was set at \$2000.

All old-timers, those who settled here prior to 1922, were invited to the potluck dinner at the VFW Hall Saturday night. Dinner was served at 7 p.m., after which there was a program of music, community singing, and reminiscences of early days in the community.

Law in Action

Keep Your Wife Informed

Sit back and take a good look at all you have done: You've given your family a home, security, and many luxuries. For them you want the best now and tomorrow. And even after you are gone. So, most likely, you've already drawn up a will to save on death taxes. Perhaps you've put some funds in trust for certain purposes.

Even so, you can't do all your family's thinking for years to come. You have to equip them, especially your wife, to manage their own affairs.

Refresh your wife on your business—what you own; how you regard it; who your associates are, and whom to look to for facts and advice. In

this way you can keep her from some mistakes.

Tell your wife how you pay the bills, keep records, and pay your taxes. Tell her especially who advises you on these matters. Tell her about insurance, trust funds, stocks and other investments. Show her the papers and where you keep them. And why.

Show her how you bought the house and car. See that she meets your lawyers, bankers, and business associates.

Does she know enough about your business and whom you deal with? She may have to take it over and run it or sell it.

Take her to your office; show her where you keep the

books, vital papers, letters, checks, and receipts.

Does she know how to file her tax forms and whom to consult about taxes?

Take her through your business papers. Perhaps while you are around to supervise, you ought to let her have a trial run or two in some transaction to give her skill, knowledge, and confidence.

"Looks like some wives have to learn to take some things for granted."

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



WILL-YLIM

He followed my home... can I keep him?

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1-Snake, 4-More, 7-Policeman, 12-Blind, 13-Old, 14-Number, 15-Couple, 16-Adapt, 17-Girl's, 18-Kind of fish, 20-Correct, 22-Trumpet, 24-Predy three, 25-Slippy, 28-Period of time, 29-Possesses, 30-Place in position, 31-Item of property, 32-Consequently, 33-Place for worship, 35-Flying, 36-Animal, 37-Contract, 38-German, 39-Word, 40-Remark, 41-At no time, 43-Wooden pin, 44-Heart, 46-Dropy, 48-Sick, 51-Vine of, 52-Ventilated, 53-Born, 54-People, sheep, 55-Endures, 56-Unity. DOWN: 1-Unit of currency, 2-Carpenter's tool, 3-Isay, 4-Placed, 5-Girl's name, 6-Dating rumors, 7-Fragment, 8-Blind, 9-Nerve, 10-Network, 11-Terra del Fuogai, 12-Indian, 13-Number, 14-Implement, 15-Preposition, 16-Gaseous element, 17-Pronoun, 18-Pope's veil, 19-Make lace, 20-Holds on property, 21-Symbol for vitamin, 22-Pronoun, 23-Pronoun, 24-Three-toed sloth, 25-Headgear, 26-Shipworm, 27-A continent (abbr.), 28-Mean, 29-Three-toed sloth, 30-Conducted, 31-Novelties, 32-Observe, 33-Animal's foot, 34-Encountered, 35-Sign of zodiac, 36-Conducted.